

THE OMAHA BEE DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SATURDAY FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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You should know that The drainage of Omaha cannot be excelled by that of any city in the United States.

Mr. Bullitt's diary has become a bullet. If it were all to do over, do you suppose the president would go to Paris alone?

The senate committee on foreign relations has had one good laugh out of its work.

Omaha bolsheviks may not be numerous, but man for man, they are as noisy as any.

Boston's experience with a police strike ought to serve the whole country as an object lesson.

Officer Brigham is quite a bright light in the police galaxy.

It is only fair to remind the public that most of the Omaha police force is not under indictment for murder or other crime.

Josephus Daniels pledges eternal friendship to the Canucks.

"Sugaring off" time has come in the senate, and as sentiment crystallizes the certainty of reservations becomes more apparent.

Omaha is looming up bigger than ever as a convention city.

A clothing man says that prices are coming down.

Real-estate men differ as to a certain clause in their standardized lease.

Berlin friends of "Count" Hohenzollern insist that he will not be brought to trial.

Coeur d'Alene was able to restrain any impulse to jam the tent when the president came.

The president's progress reminds one of the refrain of one of the late Eugene Field's poems.

As a co-ordinate branch of the government, the senate is quite within its rights when it exercises its constitutional function to advise as well as consent to any treaty the president proposes.

A French war decoration is waiting in Omaha for a Yankee boy who can not be located.

Striking restaurant employes are affording a strong object lesson as to the prices charged in the regularly ordained eating places.

A Roman paper wonders how we will get along without sons of "Sunny It" who are now going home with their pockets well lined with American dollars.

With a eulogy well deserved and fittingly supplemented by the president's written message, Secretary of War Baker presented General Pershing on his landing a commission carrying the highest rank known to the American army.

Although Washington was always general by common consent, he was in fact "commander-in-chief" by designation of the Continental congress.

Of the appropriateness of this designation in every respect there can be no question.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT PARIS.

Some glimpses of what went on back of the closed doors at Paris are now being given by the American people. A former secretary, who was not in an entirely minor position, testifies that "there was very little contact between the top of the delegation and the experts."

This remark was made at the time when the president was withdrawing from the senate and the public any information as to what the treaty contained.

From the president we have had the information that the Shantung provision was the subject of earnest protest from General Bliss, Secretary Lansing and Mr. White.

It is very well, perhaps, that "Germany should be told where to sign and when to sign, as the minority of the foreign relations committee has pointed out, but the United States is not in that predicament.

Brick Industry in Omaha.

Brick making is not a new or novel industry for Omaha, but has been carried on with considerable success for many years.

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Not Waiting for the Treaty.

Has peace been restored between the United States and the world? The president is disposed to create an impression that the fact awaits ratification of the treaty.

On Safe Ground at Last.

The treaty will be ratified without amendments or reservations that will change or modify its plain meaning and purpose.

The president is also eminently correct in regard to policemen going on strike.

Speak softly in presence of the Siberian crab, for it is no longer the lowly thing that used to be pickled and spiced by motherly women.

With its customary ineptitude, the War department balked up the new commission issued to General Pershing.

The New York girl who would not trade one of Pershing's kisses for the cross of war knows the advantage of possession.

Draining the Zuyder Zee

Holland has decided to drain the Zuyder Zee, and in the next 30 years four-square Dutch villages will be built upon what is now the bottom of the ocean.

Holland has made ready to join the ranks of the annexationists, says H. W. Van Loon. "It desires additional territory; it needs more fertile soil."

After 33 years of constant work, if all goes well, more than 400,000 acres of fertile clay will have been annexed, and a new rural population will be occupying four-square villages built upon the bottom of the ocean.

Preserving the Trees

The American Forestry association has advised the mayor of LaClede, Mo., to plant a memorial grove of trees in honor of Gen. John J. Pershing.

The commander of a sunken and doomed submarine kept a diary of his last hours. Long afterward the diary was found.

The forests everywhere are being cut down with a wasteful hand.

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Is Imperial Japan Sincere?

Japan's new system of dogma, manufactured chiefly since 1868, has since controlled the press, dominated education and made a camouflage of history.

The Wage Earners.

"What wages are mechanics getting in Houston?" asks the inquisitive subscriber of Wharton.

His Fatal Oversight.

Bela Kun may attribute his fall to his neglect to follow closely the example of Lenin and Trotsky.

THE SILVER KING.

Ho! Ye people in the state, To Omaha come and celebrate

His silver anniversary

He'll celebrate with victory The reign of Ak-Sar-Ben.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Gen. John J. Pershing, who commanded the American troops in France, born in Linn county, Missouri, 59 years ago.

Lieut. Gen. Sir William R. Birdwood, who commanded the Australian and New Zealand troops in France, born 54 years ago.

Maud Ballington Booth, wife and co-worker of the head of the Volunteers of America, born in Surrey, England, 54 years ago.

George M. Bowers, representative in congress of the Second West Virginia district, born at Gerrardstown, W. Va. 56 years ago.

Walter Ruether, pitcher of the Cincinnati National league baseball team, born at Alameda, Cal., 26 years ago.

Thirty Years Ago in Omaha. Miss Arnold and Miss Rogers, teachers of music in the city schools, have called a meeting of the grade teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Montgomery have returned from a three months' tour through Europe.

Friend of the Soldier

Replies will be given in this column to questions relating to the soldier and his problems, in and out of the army. Names will not be printed.

Liberty Bonds for Sailor.

Go!—If you have not yet received the liberty bonds for which you subscribed, and for which your pay has been deducted, you should write to the Navy Liberty Loan

Victory Button.

A. P.—If you will write to The Officer in Charge of Recruiting, Army Building, Omaha, enclosing a certified copy of your discharge

Service Chevrone.

L. M. S.—The gold service chevrons denote six months complete service abroad; the silver chevrons denote six months complete service in the United States.

Many Questions Answered.

Mrs. M. S.—The last address we have for balloon company No. 25 is Army Balloon School, Arcadia, Cal.

A Sister.—We have no word of Harry company No. 11 being released from service with the American forces in Germany.

The commander of a sunken and doomed submarine kept a diary of his last hours.

Brother.—Depot service company No. 49 is not yet demobilized, but is at Camp Ogilthorpe, Georgia.

An Opportunity. The commander of a sunken and doomed submarine kept a diary of his last hours.

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The county is sodding the ground on Seventeenth and Harney streets between the walks and retaining wall of the county square.

Little Folks' Corner

DREAMLAND ADVENTURE

By DADDY.

"THE CHARMING MERMAID."

(In this adventure Peggy, Billy, Judge Owl and Blinky Sam help a handsome young prince in his wooing of a beautiful mermaid.)

CHAPTER I.

Judge Owl's Dare.

"HO, hoo! Princess Peggy, did you ever see a mermaid?"

Peggy was just dropping off to sleep on a warm summer's evening when Judge Owl's hoot made her eyes pop wide open.

"No, of course not," answered Peggy. "There are no mermaids in these days. They lived long ago."

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"Hoo! Hoo! I'm asking you if you ever saw a mermaid?" repeated the Judge as if he were in a great hurry.

"No, of course not," answered Peggy. "There are no mermaids in these days. They lived long ago."

"Hoo! Hoo! I've seen one!" hooted Judge Owl.

"Nonsense! You shouldn't tell fibs," scolded Peggy, who was just a bit cross over being awakened in this way.

"What do mermaids look like?" was the Judge's reply.

"Why, part of them looks like a beautiful girl and part of them looks like a fish. And they sing songs to lure sailors to their doom," prompted Mrs. M. S.—The last address we have for balloon company No. 25 is Army Balloon School, Arcadia, Cal.

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ly answered Peggy, whose father had told her about mermaids that very evening. "That's right—and it proves my mermaid is a mermaid," declared Judge Owl excitedly. "Come and see."

But Peggy held back. Her bed was very comfortable, even though things looked attractive outside.

"I dare you, and double dare you!" hooted Judge Owl, but Peggy only snuggled down a bit more cozily in her bed. "Hoo! Hoo! You'll be sorry if you don't see the handsome young prince," added the judge. Peggy sat up straight.

"What handsome young prince?" she demanded. "You were talking about a mermaid."

"The handsome young prince is in love with the charming mermaid," answered Judge Owl. "Come quickly, and you will hear him play his guitar while she sits on a rock combing her hair and singing."

Peggy jumped out of bed and in a minute was eagerly following Judge Owl along the shore of the lake. Suddenly she and the judge stopped short. They had been startled by a banking and crashing of the military camp not far distant. And following the last crash came the sound of galloping feet. Nearer and nearer drew the galloper, finally dashing into view and hurling himself full tilt into the waters of the lake.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw! I've broken out the cork and am going on a vacation. Hee-haw! What a dandy swim!"

The galloper and swimmer was Blinky Sam, the army mule. Up and down he sported in the water, like a boy just out of school.

Now came the sound of other running feet and out upon the beach raced Billy Belgium.

"What are you doing here? Did you hear that racket?" he asked all in one breath.

"The racket was Blinky Sam breaking out of camp, and we're going to hear the handsome young prince play his guitar for the mermaid who sits on a rock and combs her hair—that is, if there is a mermaid," answered Peggy.

"Hee-haw! Then climb on my answer within 24 hours under threat of war. China went to Paris asking justice, as did other small and weak nations. Poland was liberated, Bohemia redeemed, Yugoslavia set up, Alsace-Lorraine restored to France, Belgium given certain territory claimed from Germany, and the whole map of Europe redrawn. China, however, was told "We can do nothing for you, as it is our desire to placate and not to offend Japan." So the richest province of the great country, with its 40,000 inhabitants, its shrines and sacred memories, its wealth of mineral and other resources, was turned over to the Japs. To have and to hold as long as they will, and Americans are asked to assent to this compounding of injustice, relying on Japan's promise to retire, the latest edition of which contains the provision that it is conditioned on the "behavior" of China. A game of poker contemplates an even break in the run of cards; study of the Shantung affair will give a good idea of what is meant by "a Chinaman's chance."—Ed. Bee.

back and I'll take you to them," brayed Blinky Sam, paddling out of the water and shaking himself like a dog.

Peggy and Billy didn't wait a second, but climbed on his back, even though it was wet and slippery, and away they went galloping down the shore. And presently as they raced along the evening breeze brought to them the faint music of a guitar and then a bit of melodious song, sung by a voice strangely sweet.

(Tomorrow will be told how they catch a glimpse of a mermaid.)

"BUSINESS IS GOOD, THANK YOU"

WHY NOT NICHOLAS OILS? L.V. NICHOLAS OIL COMPANY

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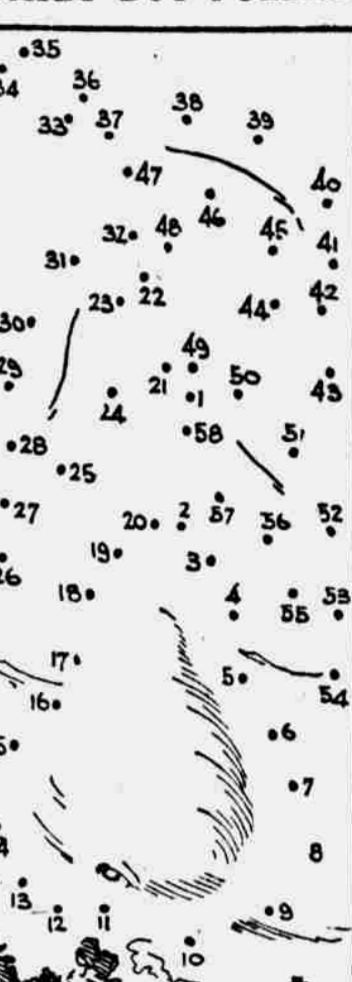
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DAILY DOT PUZZLE



That some one quickly ate You'll see when tracing fifty-eight. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

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